THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No 3532. *Friday, April* 12, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

LAST evening, at this Theatre, *Robert le Diable* was repeated with *The Maid of Cashmere.* Miss Betts and Seguin have each made a rapid stride in the good opinion of the musical and dramatic world by the talent they have displayed in their performance in Mayerbeer's Opera; the *Alice* of Miss Betts, both as regards the singing and acting is fully equal to Mrs Wood's, and Seguin has never hitherto had a part in which his fine voice and cultivated taste have been exhibited to such advantage as in that of *Bertram.* Let him but pursue his studies with diligence, and he may fearlessly challenge competition with any of his cotemporaries.

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE Musical Drama of *The Invincibles* was repeated here yesterday evening, followed by the popular Farce of *The* £100 *Note,* in which Madame Vestris resumed her original character of *Miss Arlington,* which, since her secession from this Theatre, has been so cleverly sustained by Miss Taylor, and who, to our thinking, was quite as charming in the part as the widow. In consequence of the illness of Keeley, Meadows played *Billy Black* for the first time, but though he acted with a good deal of skill, he was by no means so amusing as his predecessor. *The Elfin Sprite* followed, which is only worth seeing for its beautiful scenery, and the acting of little Poole. M. Laporte has been detained in Paris, we hear, by some disarrangement in the affairs of the Academie Royale; *on dit,* that the French authorities have invited M. Laporte to become directeur of that establishment; we should think that he has already enough irons in the fire.

Adelphi Theatre.

Phillip of Anjou, Call again To-morrow, Cupid, and *Neuha's Cave,* were repeated here last night, to, we are sorry to say, a very thin house. On Monday Peake's interesting Drama of *The Climbing Boy* will be revived, in which Miss Pettifer, the Cupid of the Olympic, will make her first appearance at this Theatre as the little hero.

Hay-market Theatre.

MR MORRIS has commenced his campaign in a way which entitles him to every encouragement on the part of the public, he has collected a most capital company, and the entertainments are excellent and varied. Last night they commenced with *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* a Comedy abounding in humor, character, and nature; it was on the whole very well played; Dewton is the best *Falstaff* on the

stage, and he had in Mrs Honey and Miss Turpin, as charming a pair of merry wives as heart of man could desire. *Open House* followed the Comedy, and was succeeded by the *petite piece* of *Matrimony*, in which Weekes displayed a genuine vein of humour in his personation of *O'Cloghorty*.

STRAND THEATRE.—We are happy to say, that, notwithstanding, the number of Theatres which are now open, Miss Kelly's truly delightful Entertainment continues its attraction.

ADELPHI.—This Evening, Philip of Anjou, Call again To-morrow, Cupid, and Neuha's Cave.

HAYMARKET.—This Evening, The Siege of Belgrade, Open House, and The Irish Tutor.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the *Queen's Bazaar*, 73, Oxford Street, which has become a most fashionable lounge, to see Mr D. Robert's Grand Picture of The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, painted expressly for the occasion, with Dioramic effect, and from its magnitude, occupying the space of Four Diorama Views, surpasses in grandeur of design, execution and scriptural interest, every former Exhibition of the sort—*The Physiorama* of 14 beautiful new Views joined to the *Diorama*, makes it the most attractive in London for One Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

But stop, I must just run to that well establishad emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*

Oh! I must tell you of a most wonderful Exhibition at No. 238. Regent-st. the *Industrious Fleas*, where a quantity of Fleas are dancing, playing musical instruments, all dressed like ladies and gentlemen; some drawing coaches, elephants, &c.—By the bye I had a lucky escape there, I was nearly shot by a Flea, only there was no ball in the cannon.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, "Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Mem.—In ordering my Patent Brandy and Hollands, remember not to forget that BRETT'S Genuine Spirit *Depot*, is No. 109, in Drury Lane.—"109" did I say?—Yes, I am right;—"No. 109!" P. P.